

Plaintiffs' Exhibit

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The Narcissistic Duelist

Life is Not Always Faire

The Narcissistic Duelist



May 22, 2021

Narcissists think that if you say how you feel or think about something, that you are nothing but "drama." But isn't it funny how they feel entitled to say or do whatever they want, but they aren't "drama" at all. Truth is, they are some of the most judgmental, critical, opinionated, accusatory people ever, and just can't see how they project on others or how absolutely hypocritical they really are.

DISCLAIMER:

I'm going to say upfront that I will be posting *minimal* screenshots in this blog, because they are embarrassing to me. It is not because I did anything wrong that I will not outline here also, but because they felt *deeply* personal to me, and therefore I refuse to post things that make me cringe. For my friends, I have all of the conversations that did not take place face to face with this person (about 90 percent of all communication). If you want to see more, just ask me privately. I have the entirety of our conversations sitting in my Messenger.

Also, I am not diagnosing Randal with a psychiatric diagnosis. I am merely

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exhibited, and not to diagnose a disorder.

Make no mistake, if you've ever gone no contact and walked away from a narcissist, they absolutely hate you. They despise you, and hold nothing but contempt for you. Why? Because they let the mask slip, and you saw right through them. You saw their true colors, and hideous controlling, bullying, and immature, abusive behaviors that they try to hide from everyone else. They can't stand the fact that you set boundaries and will no longer allow them to abuse, mistreat, or disrespect you. After all, how dare you stand up for yourself, or to their superiority, and how dare you walk away from their importance. You should be complying with every order they give you, and bowing down to everything they tell you to do, and doing exactly what they want. How dare you disagree with anything they say, or stand up to their criticisms, accusations, put downs, sarcasm, rudeness, or cruelty. They are the ultimate authorities, and they know everything! How dare you have a sense of self, assert your rights, refuse to be disrespected or take their verbal attacks and abuse, speak out about the abuse, or have any self respect or self esteem at all.

Overview



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I'm sure if you run into Randal Scott in the Faire circuit and ask him about me, he'll gladly tell you his opinion. That opinion is that I'm a "psycho", "petty", a terrible and disloyal friend, and completely worthless.

I'll tell you the entire story of why he feels this way, and the truth of what happened in the stupid decision I made to let the man who wouldn't stop knocking at my door, finally into my life in earnest -- just for him to take everything he wanted, give nothing back, and leave me feeling like he had just left me for dead, bleeding in a ditch somewhere, alone in the wilderness.



West Virginia - June 2019

I actually began talking to Randal on Facebook a few weeks before I came to the festival, as an obsessed fan of his, Lisa Brazzon, decided to introduce me to him. We became friends on Facebook and from that moment on, he was never out of my inbox for longer than 2 weeks at a time. Most of those two week spans were in 2019, as by 2020, he was showing up far more frequently.

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He offered me comp tickets to come see him on one of the weekends, and I accepted. I spent the weekend hanging out with Lisa during the day, seeing Randal's Duelist shows and others, and ending up messaging with Randal at night.

It was made clear to me by Saturday afternoon that Lisa, although monogamously married, considered Randal to be "hers". So did her husband. Her husband had a stroke a few years earlier, and so Lisa ended up becoming an on and off caretaker for him, as he has never been the same since. Lisa's plan at the time was that when her husband Pat died, she'd marry Randal. Both of them told me this, specifically. They also both truly believed Randal to be besotted with Lisa enough to do it. I don't know why they thought that. In my view, he was giving every indication of the opposite.

Because of this, Lisa was upset at how quickly Randal seemed to have taken to me. She became very stirred up when she found out we'd been messaging frequently. She, at that point, did everything she could to try to push me at Michael, Randal's partner. I was never interested in Michael in that way. He is attractive, objectively speaking... but he has characteristics I do not find appealing and that puts a big damper on attraction for me. I've always looked at Michael as a sibling, quite honestly. That only aggravated Lisa. I finally ended up having to lie to her about Michael to get her off my back - something I hate doing, and only do as a last resort when all other options fail.

I'm not going to go anymore into the story of Lisa, as I intend to have a blog that focuses on that story by itself, but I will say this. That weekend and after allowed me to see how genuinely unstable, jealous, and obsessed she was with Randal. It disturbed me greatly. And it only got worse over that summer.

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I always took photos at faires, as I love taking pictures. I never saw myself as any good, nor had I been told I was, until Randal. He saw my photos and approached me and told me he thought I was really good and had true natural talent. He asked if I'd considered doing photography professionally, and being honest, I said I had not. He told me I really should consider it as he believed I'd have a great future in it.

I was honestly floored. At that point in my life, flattery of any kind had been so few and far between I didn't even remember the last



time anyone had said something like that to me. That I had a use. A purpose. That I was talented, or good for anything at all. I beamed with pride, and began learning how to improve from that day on. I made my Facebook photography page, and I was off to the races, so to speak.

He used so many of my photos that I took from his show that weekend that

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~~they sometimes do not give credit to the photographer~~

by a landslide. Even now, for approximately a year of shows, my photos are about 90 percent of the Duelists promotional gig photos on their professional page. Randal was always the first to praise my photography, which only made me want to do it more. There was just one problem.... I was taking photos for others by that time, too and noticed one difference between Randal and the other acts. That being, most other acts would tag you or mention your name or photography page if they were to post one of your photos. I have since learned that this is considered professional courtesy. As these photos are free from the photographer and can be used by the performer as Public Relations/Promotional Photography. Because of this, the performers feel it's only fair that the photographer gets credit for that photo being used for business promotion, as it's helping each other out equally. Randal never does this.

I cannot say "The Duelists" never do this. By that, I mean Michael. If you see a photo on their page that has any photo credit on it whatsoever, that's because Michael posted it. He, as a model/actor by profession, has a very healthy respect for photographers and wants to hand them that courtesy whenever possible. Has he ever credited me? No. But, in general, Michael is the one that credits. When I asked Randal about this later on, he said he felt credit for a photographer was "egotistical" and it showed how it wasn't about the art in the work, but about the ego and recognition the photographer "demands to have". So, he doesn't like to credit. Well, then. This becomes incredibly important later.

The First Indicator

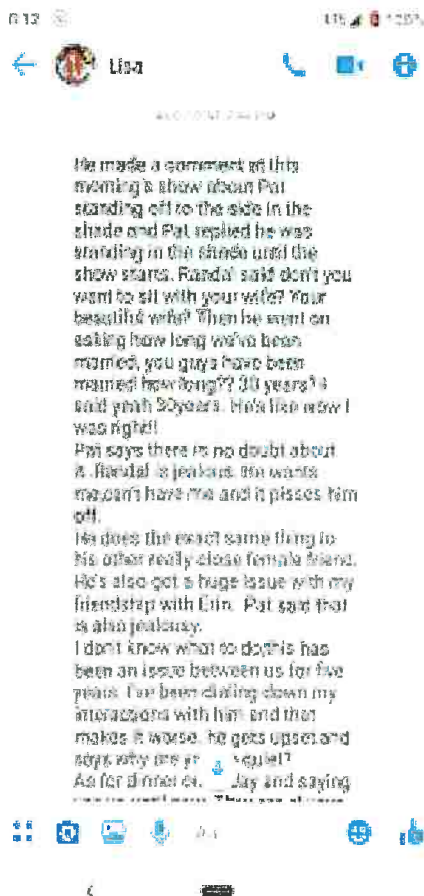
That summer, fan Lisa had increased her severity in her obsessive behavior to a point where I was seeking advice from my friends. She was openly and nastily jealous of me talking to Randal. Eventually she

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confirmed my fears. She sent me a message on the first week of Pittsburgh faire stating that she knew exactly why Randal was acting "strangely" toward her. She and her husband had deduced that Randal

was in love with her and his behavior stemmed from being devastated that he couldn't have her. Knowing Randal better by this point, he had made me aware that he felt bad for her husband because she was clearly in love with him instead (I still do not disagree even slightly with this assertion) and he keeps trying to get her to leave him alone and pay more attention to her husband.



You see, Randal is unlike most Faire performers, as he is both very old-fashioned when it comes to relationships, and also monogamous. He found her behavior abhorrent, as did many others, including myself.

After she said that, I genuinely became very concerned for Randal's safety going forward.. she was exhibiting delusional behavior, and having been around that behavior in my past, I was well aware of how dangerous that can be for anyone who was involved in the delusion. After conferring with several friends, they all convinced me to step in and let Randal know what I knew about Lisa, so he could do what he had to in order to protect himself from any potential

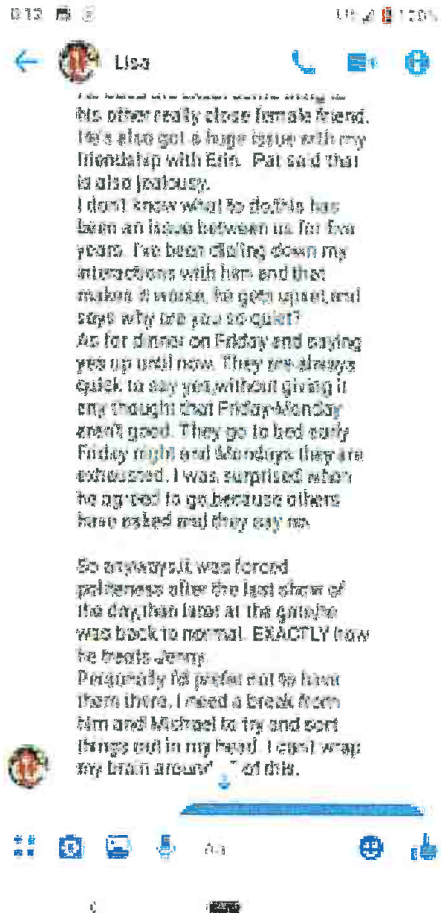
harm. He reacted in a way absolutely no one prepared me for.

"I don't care! You're just stirring up drama! You just can't live without all that drama can you? I'll say it one more time so you understand and I never want to hear it again. I DON'T CARE!"

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Putting my ass on the line and fearing for his safety got that reaction, so needless to say, I didn't want to speak with him any time soon. This silence



on my end elicited what would become a regular habit from him with me, "What? Are you pissy at me now or something?". As though it was my fault, and I'm the one being ridiculous.

Funny story, though. I told him that on Monday. By Wednesday, he and Lisa had a full on blow up fight. Randal's assistant Ashley had posted a scathing post about Lisa and her insanity all over Facebook (come to find out later that Randal had actually written that post himself, and just had Ashley post it to her page as though it were her words to keep him from getting in trouble over it.). Lisa was so hysterical by that Friday, she was slobbering with tears. He had threatened to have her banned from

Faires if she would not leave him alone.

So.... let's add this up, shall we? I give him the information and get yelled at for it, behaving as though it doesn't matter. Then, he turns around and uses it anyway to finally be able to get rid of Lisa. Hmmm. Is that fishy to anyone but me?

It Gets Personal

That fall was when I began dating Quinn, and Randal started getting far

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to me as far as conversation. Prior to this, our conversations were primarily professional and friendly, but certainly not personal. He decided



he wanted to get involved in my dating Quinn. He sent me many messages over the months that swung from he's terrible and you should ditch him immediately - what do you see in him? to *singsong* Courtney's got a boyfriend.....

This is when he started talking to me more about our dating lives. At first, it was all about me and he'd be very vague. I finally said, no. You don't get to ask me incredibly personal questions and not reciprocate. I regret this. As he did from then on. Primarily unprovoked.

Our conversations came far more frequently that fall, going from the previous every two weeks chat to every day to a week between conversations. This infuriated Quinn, as Randal was talking to me far more than he was, and because Randal was always trying to convince me to dump him. Quinn at one point would jump off his couch and yell,

"Why the fuck does he even care? He needs to stay out of it!"

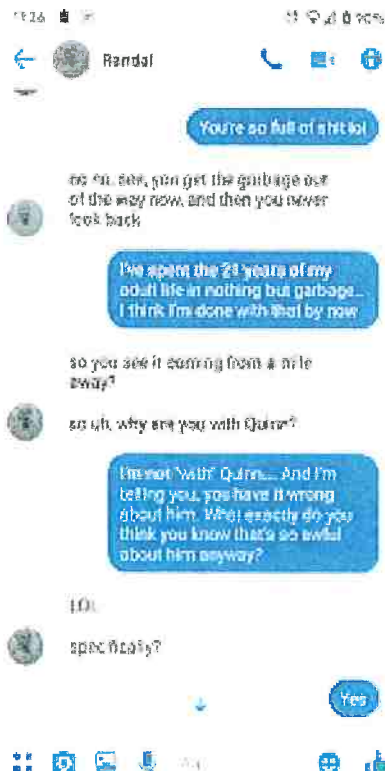
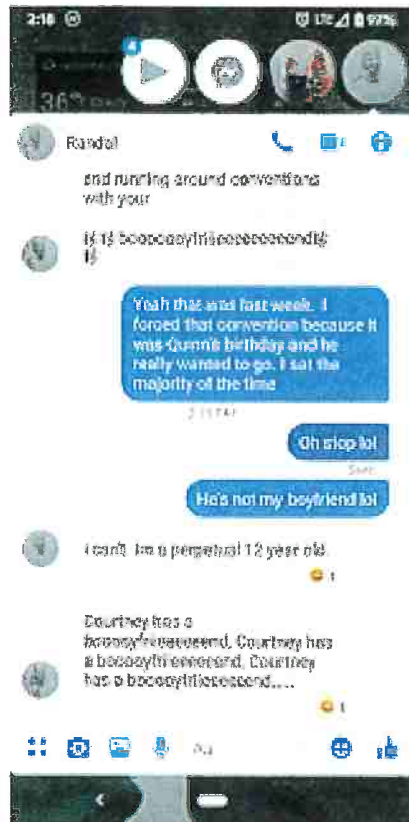
I did not disagree. Bri (see her blog here), at the time, opined that Randal might have feelings for me. I dismissed this and replied that he only likes to stir the pot and cause trouble. He also genuinely hated Quinn as a person and that hadn't been a secret far before this.

Bri asked something then, and I should have remembered my answer to this going into the Spring and Summer of the following year -

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"If he was, would you be interested?"



"Absolutely not. He makes me feel like shit about myself. I can be friends with him to an extent, but you can't ever be yourself because he does everything he can to let you know your opinions don't matter to him. You can't bring up any topic he doesn't agree upon first. He's honestly horrible for a person's self esteem."

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The Outrage

By January, the Quinn "thing" had ended, but Randal just seemed more and more interested in being in my inbox. He was performing at Brevard that month, but always took the time out to ask what I was doing and to make fun of me at every opportunity.

He asked if I was coming to Brevard to see him, and when I said I was (story in Bri's blog), he said we were definitely going to do dinner when I got there. We had never done that before, so I was taken a little aback, but I agreed.

When I got to Florida was when he dropped it on me. I schedule my Faires beforehand so I can see as many shows as possible within a full weekend time frame, which usually only leaves time for one of my favorite shows per day, at most, so I can check out everything else.

He said he wanted me to do photography for his Schoole of Defence, his new show he was being given permission to perform at Brevard and wanted to sell to other Faires. He said, in order to do that, he really needed my photos for promotion to the owners. I said I was planning on coming to one show per day and I'd do it then, sure. Unfortunately, that was unacceptable to Randal.

He said, "No. I'm going to need you to be at both shows on both days for the entire time so you can get as many photos from as many angles as possible."

And so, because he needed me, I gave up being able to see a few acts I was really looking forward to seeing that weekend in favor of taking photos for him.

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appreciate if he'd credit me so I can use this job as something for my photography experience. He didn't respond.

I became concerned about the non-response, as I was already aware of what his feelings were toward photography and credit. Although I will admittedly be paraphrasing, I'm taking these quotes directly from his own words over several different conversations regarding photography credit: "It's egotistical of the photographer. Photography is about the art, and any photographer that insists on credit is making it about their ego instead, which detracts from the art."

Over a few months time, this conversation was brought up twice more, to no avail. I eventually gave up discussing it with him as I felt there was no point. He'd made his decision, and I wasn't going to change it.

It Gets Even MORE Personal

During the next 6 months or so until our inevitable explosion, Randal was in my inbox all the time. I always knew what the conversation was going to be about by how he began it, as it was always, without fail, the same.

"You busy?" - The message I would get when he wanted me to do something for him regarding The Duelists that he was too lazy to do that day. Everything from questions about the shows, to opinions on other shows, to opinions on photos he shows me, to obtaining screenshots, to researching information, to asking me to edit advertisement.

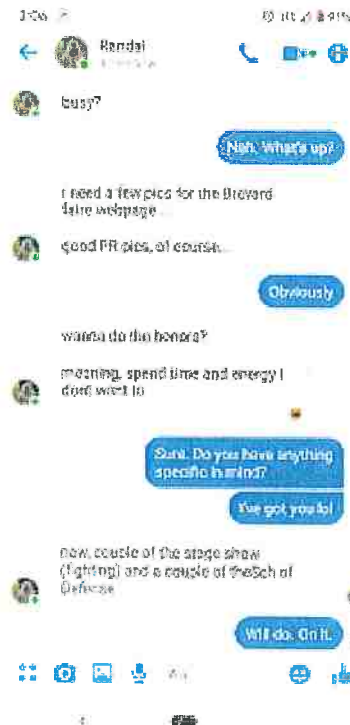
"Wassup?" - The indicator that he was going to talk about relationships, sex or his sex life (or should I say lack thereof) in this conversation to a point where I feel a little uncomfortable because a man who isn't interested in a woman doesn't usually do the things he was. I admit, he confused me. He had literally 100 percent of my friends' contact information, and he was

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behavior, but he never did.

I am only going to skim over these and not go into detail. Just know what I mention is already screenshotted on my phone and I have no need



to scroll for it in Messenger. If you absolutely HAVE to see it, ask and I'll determine if it's okay based on your reasoning.

- I was not allowed to go without talking to him for any period of time. He never interacted with my profile, but if I skipped a day or two on his, he'd be in my inbox demanding to know why I was mad at him. Trying to separate myself from him for almost 2 weeks earned me a Randal ridiculously talking to himself in my inbox and accusing me of ghosting him.

- He convinced me taking sexy photos was great for self esteem and I should do it. Then, he told me I should do them naked. Then, he asked to see them so he could give feedback. Clearly, that was a hard core, solid as a rock NO.

- He spent several conversations telling me he needed to get laid.

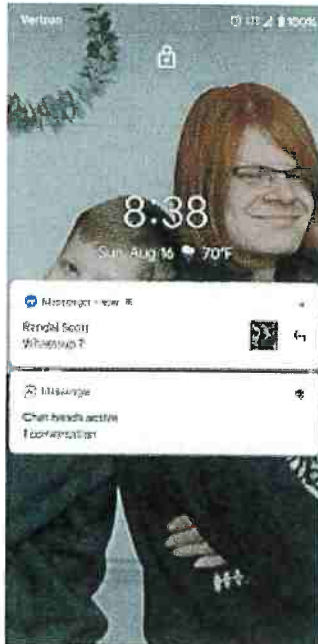
- He consistently whined no one wanted him (his track record was dating only women between 18 and 25. He's 54 now. You see why that might be?). He claimed he knew no women under 50, under 300 pounds, who was into politics. If he'd have been in front of me I might damn near have taken his head off for that one.

- He constantly expressed jealousy over his partner, Michael, complaining how Michael got all the attention because he was the good looking one. Then would turn around and make references that Michael was a slut. I don't see how this relationship between the two of them can possibly be healthy.

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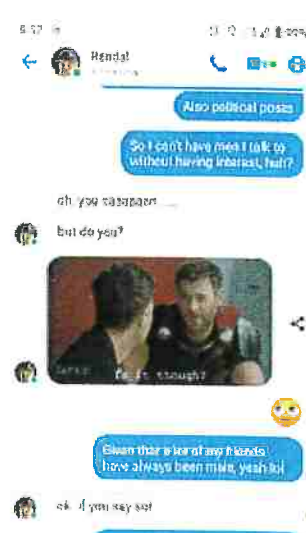
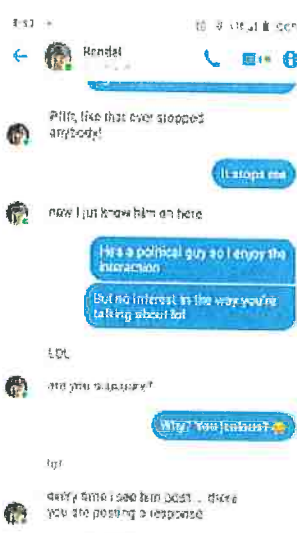
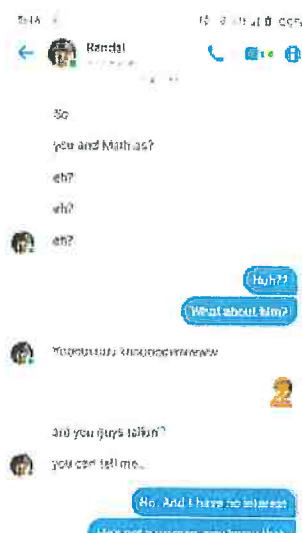
house during quarantine. When I mentioned a meme post he made, and I was VERY clear with the word Meme, where a lot of women were offering sex to him, his response was to send me 3 photos in a row of him and an ex



girlfriend (a redhead) in a professional photo shoot simulating sex. They were both fully naked. He said, "this post?" when he sent them. Those pictures have never been posted on his page before, are in no album (although two VERY tame ones from that shoot are). And after two, I said, "That's enough", to which he replied, "Just one more."

- I could not talk to any man or bring up any man in conversation without him accusing me of dating or sleeping with him. He would poke and prod about every one until he was satisfied he'd annoyed me enough.

- He saw me conversing about politics with a mutual Facebook friend. (This i will post because it's not as embarrassing as the others.) He reacted like a jealous boyfriend who was still in middle school and not a 54 year old man with a platonic friend. He showed up out of nowhere asking if he and I were dating. I said no, that I enjoyed our political conversations. Besides, I was sure at the time he had a girlfriend. Did he stop? Nope. Just kept pressing. Again, I was confused and uncomfortable.



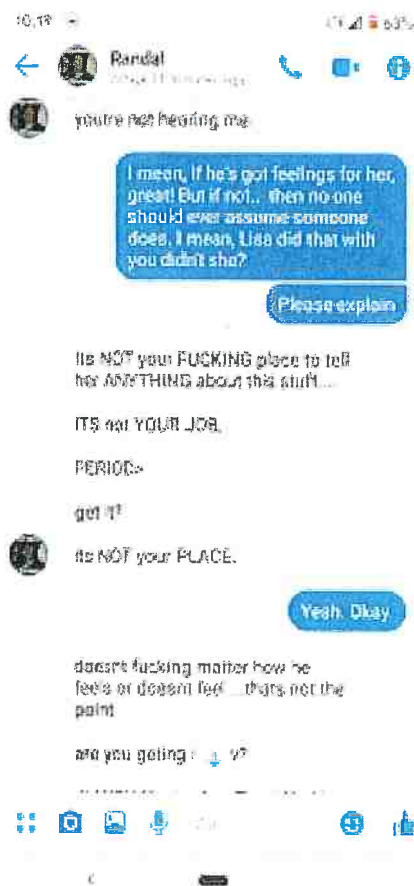
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The 2nd Warning Shot

Around early spring of 2020, my friend Bri has become increasingly more delusional and obsessed with Randal's partner, Michael, that was in any way healthy. Any challenges to her delusions made her vicious, and I was beginning to become concerned for Michael, just as I had for Randal with Lisa. The problem with Bri was far worse, however, than Lisa had EVER been.

I didn't know Michael well, so I didn't feel comfortable enough telling him. He might think I was lying and double down, making it even more dangerous for him. So, instead, after again consulting numerous friends, I told Randal.



Or.... at least.... I tried to tell him.

You can see the story and evidence I have regarding Bri in this blog, as when I decided to tell him was not too long after her sending me those shrine photos.

You'd think he would have learned with Lisa, but did he? Nope. Instead, he doubled down, refused to listen, and called me the problem. Again. He cut me off from giving evidence or even details. I just got out "she's become concerningly obsessed".

This time, the fire was real hot. He says that I am so into drama, I create it. There is nothing

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right to tell Bri that Michael might not love her back and to consider that possibly, as it's "not (my) place" (no matter how much she talks about it or asks me) and how dare I say such a thing.

Followed by, "She's not anything like Lisa...." before never allowing me to respond. I refused to talk to him for over a month after that.

Moral of the story: *Do not try to help Randal recognize a potentially dangerous situation. He will just make it your fault instead of taking heed.*

The Beginning of The End

The start of October was very different from the end. I had mouth surgery on October 3rd and major stomach reconstruction on the 14th. Between the 3rd and the 12th, he messaged me every single day asking how I was feeling and if I was getting any better. I do believe, his alternative reason for being so obnoxiously sweet and supposedly concerned was to argue politics with me.

You see, we both claim to be political leftists, not liberals. Before the election cycle, he was very much a socialist and against a proven capitalist, war-mongering Biden. But, many "Leftists" let their emotions get the better of them when dealing with Donald Trump and lost their damn minds in the process.

All I ever did was give fact-based and source-confirmed truths about Joe Biden's history in politics, and where he planned to go. People who were not a fan of Trump were so emotionally attached to the idea he would be more progressive that they started believing he was going to implement policies he had never backed once in his life. You can't tell someone the truth when they're swept up like that, though. They don't want the truth. They want their delusion. Turns out, I haven't yet been wrong about a

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Randal also eventually fell into this category as well and wanted to fight about it constantly. Unfortunately, after trying to engage with sources and facts he'd agreed to months earlier, he would devolve in response to calling me a Trump supporter... because he had no other argument to counter.

By my second surgery, he was being distant and snippy over the Biden thing. He still asked me to do stuff for him, but if I couldn't do it right away, it came with an attitude. He was just itching for a fight. And I would not give in.

Shenan

By the end of October, Shenan had started messaging me for the same reason Bri ever made friends with me - she knew I was connected personally to a man she wanted (in this case, Randal) and almost practically admitted she saw me as competition. I assured her I was not.

She went on crazy rants about how she loved him. Meanwhile, she was in a poly relationship at the moment and she didn't even know Randal is monogamous and would refuse a poly person, so she didn't know him well at all.

She said they only spoke about movies or books or poetry. He never talked to her about sex or his personal life (Gee. Just love being the only one there. Ugh). And she threw a tantrum when she found out he was simultaneously talking to me and her on messenger. I started screenshotting her insanity at that point, and began wondering where all these crazy people even come from.

She talked about how she would listen to albums about New Orleans (he currently lives about an hour outside of it) on repeat and daydream of

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Then she'd say how she knows she's too fat and ugly to turn this head in the next breath. I thought it was obviously dealing with Bri 2.0 at this stage. I began taking screenshots.

Eventually, she asked me the question that would end everything.

Shenan told me Randal had asked her to revamp the Duelists website for him, since she was skilled in website development. She then asked if I had any advice for her.

I just giggled a little and snarkily said, "Well, if you don't expect to be paid or given credit for your work, I'm sure you're good!". I didn't actually expect her to take offense. After all, I'd already seen for myself by then how Randal just effortlessly wrangles free services from women. It's nothing short of a perfected talent.

She was surprisingly indignant, however.

"Of course he's going to pay me, " she said. "I wouldn't do work like that without getting paid."

"Has he mentioned compensation at all to you yet, or just told you what he needed done?"

"Just what he needed done. You don't think he'd not pay me, do you?"

"Just draw up a contract with your rates and have him sign it. Cover your butt to make sure you do "

"I mean, yeah... But I'm sure he'll pay me. What did you mean about credit?"

*Me : *Tells the story of Brevard**

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"Oh wow. I don't blame you for being upset about that. He should have given you credit. That's just common courtesy!"

Soon after, she must have gone to Randal and told him everything I said. This is where the shit hits the fan.

The Apocalypse

I will admit very briefly here that over 2020 I did, in fact, fall for Randal... regardless of my knowledge of how stupid it was and how hard I fought against it. My friends didn't help, saying his flirtation (mild comments occasionally that I have deliberately omitted and will not discuss here, but have saved) and his overall behavior showed he liked me. He didn't. I knew it the entire time. I argued with everyone they were wrong the entire time. And yet, I decided since he was already being standoffish about the Biden nonsense, I would lay it out on the table for him so he'd finally let me go, which was all I wanted at that point. He did. I'm glad I told him. I made the right decision.

6:13



Randal

Active 4 hours ago



you've created a whole narrative as to what I feel or think, why I do what I do, and it couldn't possibly be more wrong. You dont ask me what I think or feel, you decide for me, an thn you run with this reality you've created. You've created an alternative reality about what's happened and why it happened and that's what you choose to believe

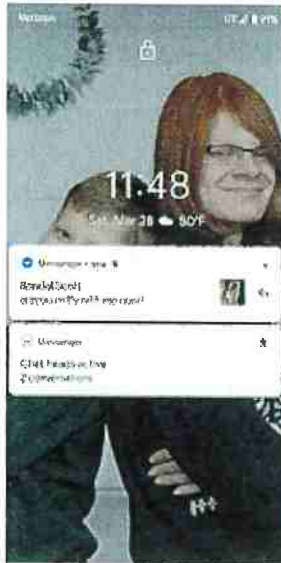
I told him I had stupidly fallen for him over this period of time (I'm NOT proud of it by any means) and that I knew he didn't want me that way. He responded with a very vague and angry reply, saying I was wrong about everything I think and do, but refused to say anything to correct

me. Just vague attacks instead (see above). Then he ignored me for a week.

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back at him the thing he'd always said to me after a fight - "You still miffy?". Except, the narcissist had already moved on to his next target.



This is when he laid into me. He told me that Shenan had spoken to him. He seemed to think I said worse than I did, so I sent him screenshots to show I only said she should get a contract if she wanted to be paid and about the Brevard incident (as that was clearly no secret between us). That didn't change his tune one bit. Nothing I said did.

He called me a psycho. He said I was petty. He said I was never his friend because I wanted credit for one thing, I just pretended to be. He argued I didn't do anything for him and I "don't deserve jack shit" in regards to my photography job. He said I was making up some form of convoluted plots against him, or something of that nature.

He said I had "shit talked" him to Shenan, referring to the request for her to get a contract to be paid. He said that was shit talking, and it was the backstabbing behavior he wouldn't tolerate in a friendship. (That website never ended up being updated. My guess is that when Shenan told him what I said, he let her know he did not intend to pay her, and she dropped the gig. This would have cost him a "free" website upgrade he thought he had in the bag and was therefore entitled to. So, I can see why, to him, he'd be mad and say it was shit talking. I just lost him a manipulated freebie, the thing he's most used to.)

I knew this was done at that point. He'd told me several times before about "unstable, crazy" women who worked for him and suddenly were no longer there. Particularly, photographer Debra K. Gallagher. He always refused to say what happened, or why they were crazy. But, they were just the same. And now... now I saw it clearly.

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you're a fucking psycho.



you're as bad as Lisa.

So, I did what any self-respecting Jersey Girl would do after giving this person my all for so long just to be instantaneously thrown in the garbage -- I cussed his ass TF out. I

cussed him out GOOD. I'm sure my cursing fit at the end there, calling him every name in the book and telling him ALL about himself won't do me any favors if he just shows that and that alone to people. But, dammit... I was going to get my motherfucking dignity back. And I did. I'm not sorry I did, either.

you are a petty, PETTY person who carries on and screams and yells and plots and lies when you don't get what you want or you think you're owed something



you don't have a right to jack shit.

(Conversation about Ms. Gallagher below)



Aftermath

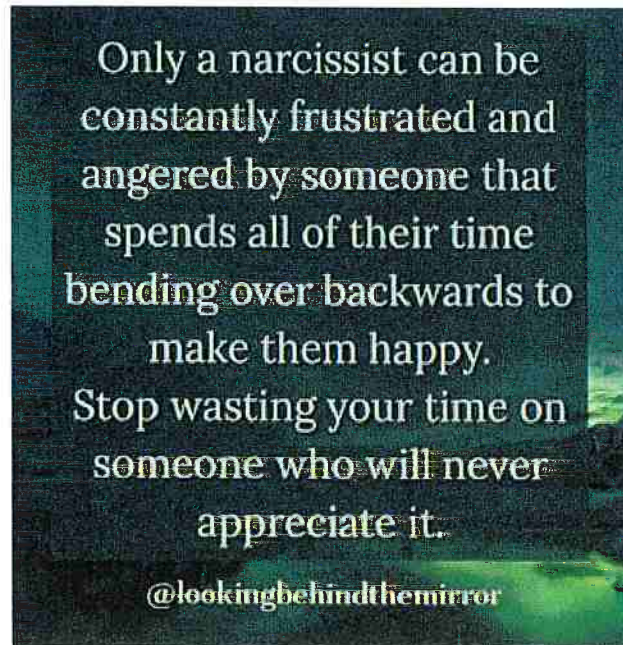
Bri, after saying I was wrong to cuss him out and I should have known better not to say anything at all to Shenan (yes, she blamed me), finally dropped the charade she was ever my friend other than for my connection to Randal by blocking me soon after.

I told a few friends of mine what happened, and two in particular went to the Duelist page as their own act of standing up for me, and added my photo page to the comments section

of the cover photo on their page that consisted of my photos from that shoot

9/21/22, 4:39 PM

The Narcissistic Duelist



Randal immediately deleted the comments and went into my friend Tammy's inbox demanding to know why she'd credit me. I don't know, Randal. Perhaps it was because I took those photos....?

At that point, I'd had enough and filed a copyright claim on the photos in just the shoot I was hired for that I was upset about - the School of Defence shoot. I still have them up on my photography page, which neither Randal nor Michael can access or obtain those photos.

I easily won my claim and the photos were taken down. I was notified Randal did not appeal the claim. He then blocked me on Facebook.

9/21/22, 4:39 PM

The Narcissistic Duelist



West Virginia, 7 and a Half Months Later

I have to see him again for the first time next month. I'm going to see my friends, the Reelin Rogues, perform and I am welcome to stau with them

9/21/22, 4:39 PM

The Narcissistic Duelist

surely all day. There is just one problem. This year, they don't have a choice but to share the stage..... the secluded stage away from everyone else, high up a mountain..... with the Duelists. I will have no choice but to

be face to face with him again for an entire weekend. I'm not going to let him ruin it for me, but I also admit, I'm terrified. Mind-numbingly terrified.

Madonna - Take A Bow (Offic...



Lord Huron - The Night We M...



9/21/22, 4:39 PM

The Narcissistic Duelist

Christina Aguilera - Fighter (...)



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The Gaslighting Champion (The Perpetual Victim is Actually A Criminal II)

November 27, 2021



This is just going to be a quick follow-up to my previous post, as some things were already addressed in detail in part 1. Out of sheer, morbid curios

...

9/21/22, 4:39 PM

The Narcissistic Duellist

"That Guy is Toxic and High Off His Own Farts" 🤪 (TND III)

February 20, 2022

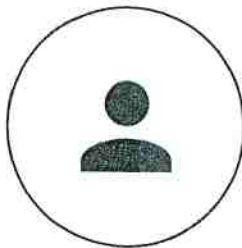
DARVO has been described as the
Doing the DARVO!
Attack the individual doing the
Reverse the roles of victim and
Perpetrator!
The perpetrator assumes the role of
the victim and the victim takes
offensive of what he is saying about
himself as being the victim.

I'd only had the commentary from friends, and so I wanted better clarity and objectivity by asking complete strangers with no attachment or stake in the m ...

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